Julian Colleche

Samuel Pattison

A

SELECTION OF

HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF THE

PARISH CHURCH,

St. NEOTS.

ST. NEOTS:

Printed and Sold by J. C. SHARP.

M,DCC,XCII.

(1792)

Ye righteous

03441.aa.31

Singers in the 4th Century.
The Christian Church
considered them as
a distinct Class of people
belonging to it. From
the very first Ages of
the Apostles. Singing
had always obtained
as a part of divine
service, in which the
whole body of the Church
joined. Rev. John Malham

HYMN I. MORNING.

AWAKE my ſoul, and with the ſun,
Thy daily ſtage of duty run;
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Redeem thy miſ-pent moments paſt,
And live this day as t'were thy laſt;
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyſelf prepare.

Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience, as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-ſeeing eye ſurveys,
Thy ſecret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Glory to thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Scatter my ſins as morning dew;
Guard my firſt ſpring of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, angelic hoſt;
Praiſe father, ſon, and holy ghoſt.

HYMN II. EVENING.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear ſon,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to dye, that ſo I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep, that may me more active make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

Let my bleſt guardian, while I ſleep,
His watchful ſtation near me keep;
My heart with love celeſtial fill,
And guard from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my ſoul for ever ſhare,
The bleſſings of thy paternal care;
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To ſee thy face, and ſing thy love.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, angelic hoſt;
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 FEB

HYMN III. EASTER-DAY.

MORNING.

JESUS Chriſt is riſen to-day,
Our triumphant holyday;
Who did once upon the croſs,
Suffer to redeem our loſs.

Hymns of praiſe then let us ſing,
Unto Chriſt our heavenly king;
Who endur'd the croſs and grave,
Sinners to redeem and ſave.

But the pains which he endur'd,
Our ſalvation hath procur'd;
Now above the ſkies he's king,
Where the angels ever ſing.

*** Hallelujah, to be ſung after every line.

HYMN II. EASTER-DAY.

MORNING. Devizes

YE humble ſouls that ſeek the Lord,
Chaſe all your fears away;
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee,
The place where JESUS lay.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought,
Such wonders love can do;
Thus cold in death, that boſom lay,
Which throbb'd, and bled for you.

A moment give a looſe to grief,
Let grateful ſorrows riſe;
And waſh the bloody ſtains away,
With torrents from their eyes. } Windsor tune.

Then dry your tears, and tune your ſong
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death;
The conquerer could detain.

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears,
His once diſhonor'd head;
And through unnumber'd years He reigns,
Who dwelt amongſt the dead.

With joy, like his, ſhall every ſaint,
His empty tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending Lord,
To realms of endleſs day.

Dr. Watts HYMN V. Ashley tune

SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS. Glory, honour, praiſe and power
Be unto the lamb for ever,
Jeſus Chriſt is our redeemer;
Hallelujah praiſe the Lord.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around;
While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

CHORUS. Glory, &c.

Salvation! O thou bleeding lamb,
To thee the praiſe belongs:
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS. Glory, &c.

HYMN VI, from Pſal. 23.

THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply;
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

HYMN VII. Cambridge new tune

COME, let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the lamb that dy'd," they cry,
To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the lamb," our hearts reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the lamb.

HYMN VIII. WHITSUNDAY.

MORNING.

COME Holy Spirit, full of love,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide,
O'er every thought and ſtep preſide.

Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far,
From every ſin and hurtful ſnare
Lead to thy word that rules muſt give;
And teach us leſſons how to live.

The light of truth to us diſplay,
And make us know and chooſe thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holineſs, the road
That we muſt take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Chriſt, the living way,
Nor let us from his paſtures ſtray.

Lead us to God, our final reſt,
In his enjoyment to be bleſs'd;
Lead us to heaven, the ſeat of bliſs,
Where pleaſure in perfection is.

HYMN IX. WHITSUNDAY.

Cambridge New.

EVENING.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God hath given;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raiſe one ſoul to heaven.

The ſovereign will of God alone,
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his ſon,
A new peculiar race.

The ſpirit, like ſome heavenly wind,
Blows on the ſons of fleſh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afreſh.

Our quickened ſouls awake, and riſe
From the long ſleep of death;
On heavenly ſcenes we fix our eyes,
And praiſe employs our breath.

HYMN X. CHRISTMAS.

HARK! the herald-angels ſing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
"God and ſinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies,
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Chriſt is born in Bethlehem."

Chriſt, by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veil'd in fleſh, the Godhead ſee
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jeſus our Immanuel here.

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of peace;
Hail, the ſun of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings:
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may dye,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

HYMN XI, from Pſal. 19.

THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial ſky,
And ſpankled heaven, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

Th' unwearied ſun from day to day,
Does his creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning's ſhade prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth,
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in ſolemn ſilence all,
Move round this dark terreſtrial ball?
What though not real voice nor ſound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN

Dr. Watts. HYMN XII. Denmark tune.

Praise to our Creator.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with ſacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He deſtroy.

His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men!
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

Wide as the world is thy command!
Vaſt as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

HYMN

These Verses Sung in Service Time

HYMN XIII. Dr. Watts.

THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves one the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where-e'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

The 1st & last Verse of this Hymn was sung at the Funeral of Mary Rix who was killed by falling from a Barrow as she was passing over the Bridge at Pyle Church Tuesday 10th July 1810

C HYMN

This Hymn sung at the Funeral of Mary Rix, & another, who was drowned together & both buried in one Grave June 7th 1806

HYMN XIV.

Hotham Tune.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry longing heart!

Come; almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing;
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

HYMN XV.

GREAT God, with wonder, and with praiſe,
On all thy works I look;
But ſtill thy wiſdom, pow'r and grace,
Shine brighter in thy book.

The ſtars, that in their courſes roll,
Have much inſtruction giv'n;
But thy good word, informs my ſoul,
How I may ſoar to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and ſhew
The goodneſs of the Lord!
But fruits of love and glory grow,
In thy moſt holy word.

Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies;
Here my deſires are ſatisfi'd,
And hence my hopes ariſe.

Lord, make me underſtand thy law,
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

Here wou'd I learn how Chriſt has dy'd,
To ſave my ſoul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beſide,
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN XVI.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear;
I ſee my maker face to face,
O! how ſhall I appear.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord! ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd,
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgement on my ſoul,
O! how ſhall I appear!

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair,
Her pardon to procure;
Who knows thy only ſon has dy'd,
To make her pardon ſure.

HYMN

Cheshunt New Tune

HYMN XVII.

Ascension day.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.

Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th'etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conq'ror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way!

Who is the King of glory, who?
The Lord of glorious pow'r possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN XVIII.

LO! He comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain!
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! amen.

Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to a tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Meſſiah ſee.

Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgement!
Come to judgement! come away!

Yea! amen! let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

HYMN XIX. Dr. Watts

Praise to the Redeemer

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair,
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glim'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the prince of grace,
Beheld our helpleſs grief;
He ſaw, and (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praiſes ſpeak.

Angels, aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN XX.

The Dying Christian.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my ſoul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

HYMN

HYMN XXI.

FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe:
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore
Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

This was Sung at the
Funeral of John Bowringer
B M HYMN XXII. July 1st 1810. A
Sermon on the Occasion from
FUNERAL.
1 Cor: 15, 39 By J. R. Pyleaboo

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry,
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."

Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

Grant us the pow'rs, of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Rev. John Bewsher, Vicar
of St. North, Died June 3: 1806.
aged 58 Years & the Above Hymn
was sung at his Funeral June
the 10th 1806 by Sam: Pattison
Clerk Hunstanton Church